

RURAL CARRIERS GET MORE PAY.

Their Salaries Fixed in Bill at \$720 the Year—Limits of Their Privileges.

Washington, March 25.—The house today passed the postoffice appropriation bill, after a prolonged debate on the paragraph affecting rural letter carriers, which yesterday was stricken out, but which today was inserted under a special order of the committee on rules.

Every amendment and substitute offered to this paragraph was voted down.

While a number of members were clamoring for recognition to offer amendments, Mr. Overstreet suddenly moved that all debate close and the bill be reported and put upon its passage, which was carried with a yea.

Mr. Moon made an unsuccessful attempt to recommit the bill with instructions to strike out the appropriations for special facilities over the trunk lines south of Washington and west of Kansas city. His motion was voted down, 121 to 114.

The provisions relating to rural carriers as adopted makes the salary \$720 a year and prohibits the soliciting of business by carriers but permits the carriers under certain restrictions to carry merchandise for hire.

A provision for a purchasing agent for the postoffice department with a salary of \$4,000 was adopted unanimously. Mr. Williams said the office of purchasing agent centralizes responsibility and makes one purchasing agent responsible for the purchase of supplies and for the honesty and propriety with which it is done.

Mr. Baker of New York proposed an amendment which the clerk began reading as follows:

"To reimburse the great railroads the cost of supplying the president of the United States with special trains, cigars, wines."

The reading was stopped by a point of order which was sustained.

Russia's Coal Supply.

The London Financial News declares that it is too often assumed that because Russia is largely a wood-burning country and a considerable importer of British coal her own coal supplies are insignificant. A greater mistake could not be made. If her economic development had depended on wood fuel or oil it could never have reached its present proportions; and, although progress is slow in Russia when compared with England, America or Germany, it cannot be denied that she has made great strides, from a commercial point of view, within the last twenty-five years—strides that have only become possible by the rapid exploitation of her unquestionable mineral wealth. The native coal may not always be of high quality, but it has sufficed for industrial expansion remarkable alike in extent and character. In 1877 the coal output of European Russia was no more than 1,774,193 tons; twenty years later the production had risen to 12,032,253 tons, and there has been a noteworthy annual increase since then, the total figures for all the centres in 1901 having equalled 18,270,000 tons. Added to this, the Asiatic dominions of the Czar have been brought into closer touch with Russia proper by means of the railway, and it is stated that in Siberia, as in the Ural region, vast coal reserves have thus been rendered available. The Eskibastus district to the south of Omsk, is estimated to contain 200,000,000,000 pounds, or over 3,000,000,000 tons, while the reserves in the Ural mountains are inexhaustible in quantity. It is true this coal has a high percentage of ash and sulphur, but it is used very largely for railway and navigation purposes in European Russia, and, we may be certain, has also found its way further east. Again, in the Donetz basin the coal resources are such as to preclude the possibility of famine, the yield being about 11,500,000 tons in 1901 and 1902. There are supplies in this district alone sufficient to last for eight hundred years at the present rate of production, which progresses at something like 1,600,000 pounds per annum. Then there are the Dombrowski fields in Poland, which cover an immense area, and, although the quality of this coal is also rather inferior, it makes up in output for its deficiencies, the quantity dispatched by land carriage in 1901 being 2,818,760 tons.

It will thus be seen that, while quite a young industry, coal mining is carried on very extensively in Russia: that the production, already large, is constantly increasing, attaining in size for defects of quality, and that, other things being equal, the empire can well afford, in the matter of its coal supplies, to depend upon its own internal resources.

Cheap Excursion Rates Via Southern Railway.

The Southern Railway announces the following very low excursion rates to the following points:

Sumter to Dallas, Texas, and return, account General Assembly, Cumberland Presbyterian Church, May 19 to 27, 1904. Tickets on sale May 15 to 18, with final limit returning May 31st, 1904, at the very low rate of \$3.35.

Sumter to Chicago, Ill., and return, account General Conference A. M. E. Church, May 2 to 31, 1904. Tickets on sale April 29 and 30, and May 1, 1904, with final limit May 10, at the very low rate of \$2.50. Limit may be extended to June 10, 1904.

Sumter to Los Angeles and San Francisco, Cal., account General Conference M. E. Church and National Association of Retail Grocers of U. S., May 3 to 31, 1904, at the very low rate of \$5.65. Tickets on sale April 29 to 30, with final limit June 30, 1904.

The Southern Railway offers most convenient schedules with Pullman Sleepers and Southern Railway Dining Cars on all through trains. For full information apply to any Agent Southern Railway, or R. W. Hunt, Division Passenger Agent.

GOOD SCOTCH SNUFF

By John Caxton

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The year was a decade after the close of the Revolutionary war, and the good ship Nancy Jones of Providence was lying in the port of Liverpool. While the American colonies had been successful in winning their independence, England still dominated the high seas. Being continually in need of men to man her ships, she passed an act giving her naval officers authority to board the vessels of any other nation and search for and remove British subjects. Searching for British subjects, however, was generally an excuse to force American sailors to fight for the mother country. For years no American craft sailed the seas without fear of British men-of-war, and many of them were overhauled two or three times a year.

Captain Israel Jones was owner and commander of the craft named after his wife. He was a good sailor, but easy going. When he would return home to tell Nancy that he had been overhauled and lost a man or two, she would listen with flashing eyes and exclaim:

"Waal, Israel Jones, I don't consider you much of a man to let such things happen. If them British had me to deal with, it would have been different."

She had sailed with him on the present voyage, and as the craft was completing her loading in Liverpool three



NANCY JONES TOSSED HER SNUFF INTO THE AIR.

Providence sailors who had been impressed from the Nancy Jones a year before and who had just deserted from the British navy came skulking aboard and appealed to the captain for protection and a passage home. He was hesitating, as he knew that if they were found aboard his vessel much trouble would ensue, when Nancy came on the scene.

"Look here, Israel," she said as she brought her hand down on the cabin table with a slap, "them men are to sail with us or I'll stay behind myself! You ain't a man if you don't hide 'em away and take 'em back home!"

"I want to, but it'll be an awful risk," replied Israel.

"But we don't care for the risks. Them men are true born Americans and our neighbors at home, and their wives and children are mourning for 'em as if dead. They was taken off your ship in the first place, and now your ship shall take 'em back home again."

That settled it. The deserters were stowed away, and in due time the bark sailed on her return. She was almost clear of the English channel, when she discovered an English revenue cutter bearing down upon her. These light government craft were often used to board vessels and impress men, as they could dodge about the channel much easier than the men-of-war.

The cutter was sighted just after noonday, and her errand was guessed at in a moment. She would be sure to have a description of the three deserters and would no doubt impress two or three of the regular crew, even if she did not take full possession. It was no use to spread more sail or to think of resistance. The enemy carried a crew of thirty men and mounted four guns.

"Well, Nancy," said Captain Israel, "we shall lose the bark and go to prison, and it's all your doin's."

"Israel Jones, don't you holler before you're hit!" she replied as she laid down the spyglass. "How will the officer come aboard?"

"In this light wind and smooth sea that craft will probably run right alongside."

"On which side will she come?"

"To leeward, of course. What sort of a notion have you got into your head?"

"A good deal of a notion. You've got a hundred pounds of Scotch snuff in one of them empty staterooms. The first thing to do is to get it out on deck. I also want all the pots and pans and kettles from the cook's galley."

No one aboard the bark knew just what scheme the captain's wife had in mind, but the snuff was brought on deck and the pungent stuff poured into vessels placed along the lee side.

The men were still at work when the cutter fired a gun as a signal to heave to, and Captain Israel brought the Nancy Jones up into the wind. Then

the cutter began maneuvering to drop alongside to leeward. Under the direction of the woman, who promenade up and down as calmly as if in her own flower garden at home, seven men, each in charge of a vessel holding snuff, ranged themselves along the bulwarks, and at the last moment Nancy took charge of the biggest dish of all. As the cutter came slowly luffing up, with all her crew on deck, the woman quietly said to her men:

"Now you jest watch me and do as I do, and we'll give 'em such a quilting as they never heard of before. Now altogether!"

The cutter was only ten feet away and was prepared to throw a grapple aboard when Nancy Jones tossed her snuff into the air and dropped to the deck, and her example was followed by the others. The wind carried every last pinch of that strong snuff across the space to the cutter, and it may be said that she was raked from stem to stern and from starboard to port. In an instant every man on the Englishman's deck was blinded, coughing, sneezing and as helpless as if bound hand and foot.

The crew of the Nancy Jones could have captured the whole outfit without striking a blow, but that had not been included in Nancy's plan. Urged on by Captain Israel, they swung her yards and got her on her course, and the breeze freshened as if in sympathy with her efforts. She was not pursued, however. Indeed the officers and men of the cutter were calling out to her for relief, and it was probably a full hour before any one of them could see a distance of twenty feet over the rail.

In due time and without meeting with further adventure the Nancy Jones arrived at her home port, and the tale of the snuff was soon told. If Nancy had found herself a heroine in the eyes of the crew, she was now in danger of being made to believe that she was the veritable Goddess of Liberty. She wouldn't have it, however.

"La, me, but what is all this fuss about?" she replied. "I allus knowed that if I was aboard of Israel's bark I could make them Britishers sheer off purty smart. Israel and all the rest of the men are too easy goin'. What we want is more women aboard of our ships, and I for one am goin' to keep right on sailin' and lettin' King George know the difference between apple sass and a woman who won't stand things no longer!"

A Little Dinner.

An Englishman writing from France in 1830 gives this instance of appetite coming with the eating: "At my left at dinner today sat a very pretty young woman, opposite to her a young fellow, her cousin or lover. I heard them speak of their dejeuner a la fourchette (a meat breakfast). Yet, to my amazement, this delicate young person ate soup, beef, pate of I know not what, but it was said to be of brains, and they pronounced it excellent. A mackerel followed, then roast fowl, cress, salad, kidneys, au vin de champagne, green peas with sugar and chervil, which the waiter offered to swear before a magistrate was real venison. To this mess the young woman added a quantity of new cheese thickly spread upon bread, filling up the time between each of the removes by scooping out the quarter of a very large melon; cherries, strawberries, biscuits (sponge cakes), each enough for an Englishwoman's dinner, and then coffee terminated the meal, to which, between her and her friend, they had only half a bottle of wine at 12 sous, but which they diluted with (in defiance of Abernethy's rule) at least a gallon of water. Of everything I have mentioned the woman had two-thirds. 'Repletion must have followed,' you will say. No such matter. They had scarcely washed their fingers when the couple started up and took their places in a quadrille set just formed."

Not Lagging Behind.

The man who drove the colonel over to Climaxville from Baldwin Station, N. D., seemed to be so full of go that he was finally asked how he was getting along in the new state.

"Oh, so so," he replied, with a wink. "There are two brothers of us here. We didn't come out to grub and starve, but to make money. My brother John lives next house. The first thing he did was to steal a whole county of land and sell her off in lots to suit. He's \$10,000 ahead of this glorious old west, John is, and still gainin' on it."

"Your brother John is evidently a rusher," observed the colonel.

"You bet he is; no flies on John."

"And how about you?"

"Don't make any mistake about me. The first thing I did was to get elected county treasurer and gobble every last cent in the box, and if things go right durin' the next two weeks I'll steal twelve miles of that river and sell it for \$1,000 a mile. Take me and John as pioneer pilgrims, and we've nothin' in particular to complain of."

Time Was No Object.

A shrewd old farmer named Uncle Harvey was approached by a bright, breezy young man who was selling incubators. The Green Bag, which told the story, says that the salesman, Uncle Harvey the usual eloquent arguments—there was not another such incubator to be found, the prices were remarkably low, and so on.

Uncle Harvey did not respond. The young man talked himself out and made no impression. Finally he said, "You don't seem to appreciate these incubators."

"No," said Uncle Harvey.

"But just think of the time they will save!"

Uncle Harvey gave him one cold look and said, "What do you suppose I care for a hen's time?"

Politeness.

Little Elmer—Papa, what is politeness?

Professor Broadhead—Politeness, my son, is the art of not letting other people know what you really think of them.—Town Topics.

Old Employees Discharged.

Columbia, March 24.—Following the orders issued by the Atlantic Coast Line Railway, establishing a pension system for the employees of the road who have seen a certain number of years of service, the general manager has issued another that will affect a number of men on the system who will not receive pensions. The recent order is that all men over the age of 70 must go. The road has come to the conclusion that the necessary work cannot be gotten out of men who have reached that age, and on April 1 they will step down and out for younger men. The recent order in regard to pensions provided for 1 per cent for each year of service for the salary received, provided the employees had seen a service of ten years. The new order provides that if the age of 70 has been reached the employee must go, anyhow, pension or not.

In view of the publicity given to the fact that retired officers of the British royal navy commanded the two cruisers bought for Japan from the Argentine Government at Genoa on their trip from that port out to Nagasaki and Yokohama at the beginning of the present war, it is only fair that it should be known just as widely that as soon as ever the British Government learned of the matter the names of the officers in question were removed by the admiralty from the list of the officers of the English navy. Moreover the application made to the British consul at Genoa for permission to fly the British flag on the voyage out to Japan was at once peremptorily refused, and the two cruisers in question made the run under Japanese colors. It remains to be seen whether the officers in question can be Court-martialed for rendering this service to the Mikado. But this is doubtful, as they had not only already retired from the English navy, but had even compounded their pension for a lump sum and were only retained on the emergency list of the admiralty. All this was explained by Lord Selborne, the first lord of the British admiralty, in the House of Lords, at Westminster, the other day.

The new cloth bound, beautifully illustrated novels—the regular \$1.50 editions—at 75 cents are a surprise to book-buyers. They are going, and the opportunity to duplicate them may never be presented again.

H. G. Osteen & Co.

St. Petersburg, March 22.—A dispatch received from Ashkabad (the capital of the Russian trans-Caspian territory) says a rumor is current there that the Ameer of Afghanistan has been poisoned. Habibullah Khan the Ameer of Afghanistan was born in 1872 and succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, Abdurrahman Khan, Oct. 1, 1901.

Columbus, Ga., March 22.—A special from Chipley says that a fight occurred at Whitesville today between two 16-year-old school boys which resulted in the death of one, Tom Haralson, son of T. W. Haralson. Robt. Maddox, son of Hon. T. J. Maddox, was the other participant. Young Maddox struck young Haralson with a large stick, fracturing the skull in two places, from the effects of which Haralson died a short time afterward. The cause of the fight is not known. The two boys were intimate friends.

Saionica, Macedonia March 23.—Twelve battalions of Turkish troops, commanded by Shakir Pasha, have surrounded 10,000 Albanians at Babalepe. Shakir Pasha has asked for reinforcements. Ten additional battalions will be sent to him. Pending their arrival Shakir Pasha is negotiating with the Albanians.

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